BOSS
TURTULICI
OTSMANE-ELHAOU

YOU'LL DO BAD THINGS™

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JUN

DO NOT CROSS CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS

YOU'LL DO BAD THINGS

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image

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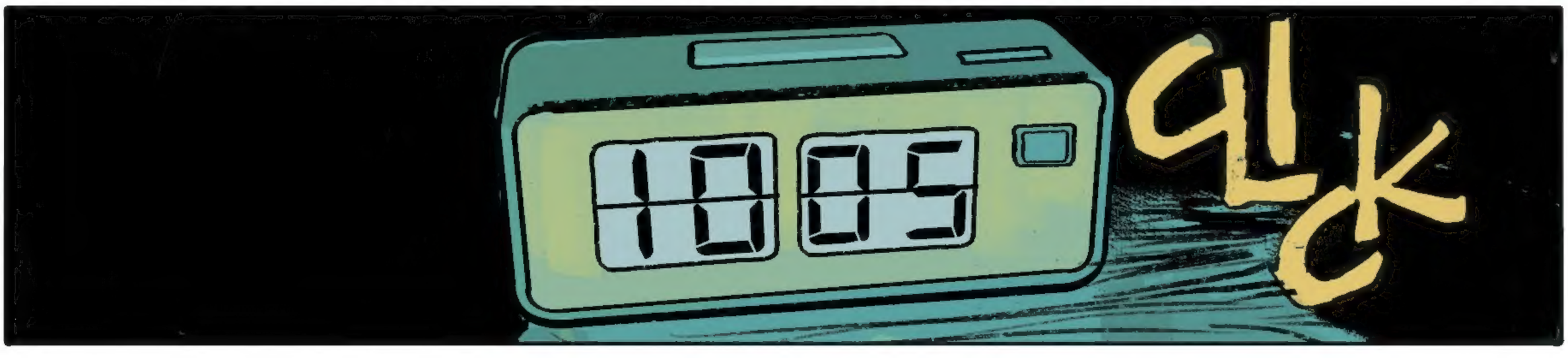
COME ON, MARNY. DO YOUR BUSINESS, BABY.
TIME TO GO TO BED, LET'S GO.
CLICK

ZZZZZZZZZZZZ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T.V.

HUFF
HUFF
HUFF

...Mm?

WHO--

MM.

Silly.

=Huff=

COME BACK TO BED, MARNY.

HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF RRR

Ugh, STOP BREATHING ON ME, GIRL...

HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF HUFF RRR

YOUR BREATH IS SO HOT.

"ALL RIGHT--"

FOUR

--SO.

IT'S NOT MY FAVORITE THING I'VE READ.

THEY'RE CLOSE.

THEY'RE NEAR IDENTICAL.

THAT'S WHAT CLOSE MEANS.

BUT THERE ARE DIFFERENCES...

THE DAILY NEWS
NEW YORK'S HOMETOWN NEWSPAPER
ANOTHER ONE!

...IT IS JUST THIS ONE, YEAH?

STOMP

YOU CAN CHECK THE DATES AGAINST THE METADATA OF MY WORD DOCS.

ALL THE ATTACKS TAKE PLACE ABOUT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS **AFTER** I'VE **WRITTEN** THEM. SOMETIMES LESS.

OKAY...

SO WHAT?

?

YOU WRITE THIS STUFF, RIGHT? AND **THENNnn**, **"IT HAPPENS!"** SO JUST... **DON'T** WRITE THIS STUFF.

WHY NOT WRITE A STORY WHERE YOU'RE A BILLIONAIRE OR SOMETHING?

ACTUALLY, BETTER YET, WHY DON'T YOU WRITE A STORY WHERE **I'M** A BILLIONAIRE?

IT DOESN'T SEEM TO WORK LIKE THAT. I CAN'T JUST WRITE ANYTHING AND IT'LL COME TRUE.

IT'S THESE **SPECIFIC** STORIES. THESE **MORBID FICTIONS** THAT TURN REALITY.

OKAY...

SO LET'S DO ONE ON **PURPOSE.**

What...? **NO--**

YOU SAID IT YOUR-SELF--

--IT'S ONLY YOUR SPOOKY LIL' SNUFF STORIES THAT COME TRUE. SO LET'S WRITE ONE.

WE CAN'T DO THAT. I **WON'T** DO THAT. IF I HAD ANY SENSE, I'D UNPLUG THIS THING RIGHT NOW AND NEVER WRITE ANOTHER STORY FOR AS LONG AS I LIVE.

I CAN'T RISK HURTING SOME-ONE JUST TO... TEST MY **"POWERS."** THAT'S PSYCHOTIC.

FOR SURE, BUT YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL JUST **ANYBODY.**

YEAH? THEN WHO?

ME.

EXCUSE ME?

YOU'RE GONNA KILL ME.

--NO SIGNS OF FORCED ENTRY.

NOTHING APPEARS TO HAVE BEEN STOLEN AT THIS TIME.

TWO VICS--

THREE.

EXCUSE ME, **THREE** VICTIMS FOUND AT OH-SIX HUNDRED HOURS BY THEIR NEIGHBOR.

THEY'RE ESCALATING.

FIND ANYTHING?

JUST REMINDERS OF PAST FAILURES. YOU?

THE SAME AS ALL THE OTHERS. WHICH IS TO SAY--

NOT MUCH.

YEAH. NOW WHAT?

YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS?

OF COURSE. JIMMY POPADOPOLIS. THE GREEK FREAK.

Oh? YOU'RE A FAN?

DEFINITELY NOT. I'M ORIGINALLY FROM WISCONSIN, I BLEED GREEN AND GOLD.

LED MY BELOVED NEW YORK SENTINELS TO THEIR **ONLY** WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP IN THEIR FIFTY-FIVE-YEAR EXISTENCE.

HOLDS THE ALL-TIME SINGLE-SEASON PASSING YARDS AND TOUCHDOWNS IN FRANCHISE HISTORY.

HE ALSO SENT HIS **WIFE** TO THE **EMERGENCY ROOM** ON MORE THAN A HANDFUL OF OCCASIONS DURING THAT TIME.

YOU WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO.

Jesus...

...I DIDN'T KNOW THAT.

THE TRUTHS PEOPLE WILL SWALLOW FOR THE SAKE OF A GOOD STORY.

LET'S GO.

GO DOOR-TO-DOOR AND SEE IF THE NEIGHBORS SAW OR HEARD ANYTHING, OKAY?

DETECTIVE! DO WE THINK THIS IS IN ANY WAY RELATED TO THE OTHER RECENT MURDERS?

DO WE HAVE A **SERIAL KILLER** ON OUR HANDS, OFFICERS?

LET'S GET BACK TO THE STATION. SEE IF WHAT WE FOUND HERE SHAKES ANYTHING LOOSE.

DID **"THE DOLL"** STRIKE AGAIN?

HAVE TO MAKE ONE STOP FIRST.

"WHERE?"

"YOU A BIG **READER**, BENTLY?"

SNAP

"Damn it. Broke *another* one."

"Morry Meh-resh."

ANOTHER ONE?

WHAT?

"It's fine, it'll be added to your bill."

"Yuh Meh-resh."

HAVE YOU NEVER BEEN TO A DUNGEON BEFORE?

...NO.

"Maybe the split strap is the mood?"

IT SHOWS.

"Or maybe the loop? What sounds good to you, slave?"

AIEEE

Okay, *okay.* PLEASE STOP THIS, I WOULD NEVER WORK THIS WAY.

I'M SORRY, DO **YOU** WANT TO WRITE THIS?

OH NO, YOU GOT THIS.

JUST, *ya know.* SOME SENSITIVITY READING.

THAT'S NOT WHAT THAT MEANS.

NOT WHAT "**WHAT**" MEANS?

NEVER-MIND. SAY, WHY DON'T YOU GO GET SOME **REST**? YOU'RE WELCOME TO USE MY BED.

Oh!

Gotcha.

COME ON, HERMES.

LET'S GIVE YOUR PAPA SOME SPACE SO HE CAN FIGURE OUT HOW HE'S GOING TO KILL ME.

CLICK CLICK CLI- CK

MAKE IT FUN!

EVER READ THIS ONE?

THE STRANGER

NOPE.

YOU SHOULD. IT'S GOOD.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD JOIN A BOOK CLUB.

SHOULD I?

KEEP YOU SHARP IN RETIREMENT.

I AIN'T RETIRING, BENTLY.

ALL RIGHT, THEN MAKE SOME NEW FRIENDS.

I DON'T NEED NEW FRIENDS.

OKAY, THEN MAKE **ANY** FRIENDS.

I READ RECENTLY THAT **OLDER** PEOPLE WITH MORE ROBUST SOCIAL LIVES LIVE LONGER.

HOW OLD DO YOU **THINK** I AM?

ACTUALLY, DON'T ANSWER THAT. YOU'RE WHAT, **THIRTY?**

TWENTY-EIGHT.

Fuck me.

MAYBE I **SHOULD** JOIN A CLUB.

ALL RIGHT, SO TEN YEARS BACK, WHEN YOU WEREN'T OUT TIPPING COWS, HOW MUCH DID Y'ALL HEAR ABOUT THE **NURSERY RHYME KILLER?**

DIDN'T KNOW THERE WAS GOING TO BE A **POP QUIZ.**

NAME?

JACK QUINN.

AGE?

DURING HIS TIME OF OPERATING...

...MID-FIFTIES.

MOTIVE?

NONE.

Well--

--NOTHING **CONCLUSIVE.**

K

M

N

QUINN HAD THIRTEEN VICTIMS OVER THE COURSE OF AS MANY MONTHS, ALL BETWEEN THE AGES OF TEN AND TWELVE.

NO FORCED ENTRY.

NO PRINTS LEFT BEHIND.

NO WITNESSES.

NO **ANYTHING.**

JUST THIRTEEN KIDS TUCKED INTO BED FOR THE NIGHT WHO NEVER SAW ANOTHER MORNING.

UNTIL **YOU** CAUGHT HIM.

Well.

THAT IS A POINT OF SOME CONTENTION. YOU ASK SOME FOLKS? **MOST** FOLKS?

MOST FOLKS THINK IT WAS ALL **THIS** GENTLE-MAN.

TO BE FAIR TO MR. HOLMS HERE, IT **WAS** HIM WHO PUT TOGETHER HOW WHAT WENT BUMP IN THE NIGHT GOT INSIDE WITHOUT BEING INVITED.

HOW A SHADOW EITHER SLIPPED UNDERNEATH THAT SLIT AT THE BOTTOM OF LOCKED DOORS, OR...

OR?

OR HE HAD THE KEYS TO THE DOORS ALL ALONG.

HE OWNED THE BUILDINGS. HE WAS THESE PEOPLE'S FUCKING **LANDLORD.**

HE WAS JUST ANOTHER LONG ISLAND DENTIST WHO SPENT HIS MODEST WEALTH BUYING UP NEW YORK CITY REAL ESTATE IN POOR NEIGHBOR-HOODS.

MAS, WHILE I APPRECIATE THE WALK DOWN BAD MEMORY LANE--

--WHAT DOES THAT HAVE TO DO WITH OUR **CURRENT** VIOLENT MURDERER?

SETH HOLMS MAY HAVE HELPED SOLVE THE NURSERY RHYME KILLER. BUT THIS TIME?

I THINK OUR WRITER MAY HAVE FOUND HIMSELF THE VILLAIN OF THIS STORY--

"--AND I KNOW WHO HE IS GOING TO KILL NEXT."

Yaaaawn

SETH?

YOU FIGURE OUT HOW YOU'RE GOING TO KILL ME YET?

Seth?

WENT TO PICK UP DINNER... HOPE YOU LIKE ITALIAN FOOD!

THAT'S SWEET OF HIM, EVEN IF WE BOTH KNOW IT'S BECAUSE HE'S PROCRASTINATING.

AND I DON'T LIKE ITALIAN FOOD.

NO, ACID REFLUX.

MEOW?

CLIK

YOU HAVE **TWO** NEW MESSAGES.

DELETE

ON/OFF

BORRAR

SETUP/ CONFIGURAR

MEMO/ REPETIR

FIRST MESSAGE.

HEY SETH, IT'S SARAH. SAMUEL WAS ASKING AFTER YOU AND IF YOU'D COME TO HIS SOCCER GAME ON SUNDAY?

I KNOW YOU'RE NOT A BIG SPORTS GUY, BUT IT WOULD MEAN A LOT TO HIM. LET ME KNOW IF YOU CAN MAKE IT.

HOPE THE WRITING IS GOING WELL!

SHOULD HAVE GUESSED.

MROW?

DUDE APARTMENT.

MEOW

SECOND RECORDED MESSAGE.

SETH, WHAT DAY IS IT?

I'LL SAVE YOU FROM CHECKING THE CALENDAR YOU DON'T OWN. IT'S **THURSDAY** AND I STILL **DON'T HAVE ANY PAGES.**

IS THIS THE BOSS?

WHAT'S GOING ON? A COUPLE DAYS AGO YOU SAID IT WAS GOING OH SO WELL AND I WOULD SEE SOMETHING **"SHORTLY."** DO YOU **KNOW** WHAT THE DEFINITION OF **SHORTLY** IS?

LICK LICK

SEEMS LIKE A REAL **SEE YOU NEXT TUESDAY.**

I KNOW, I KNOW, I'M NOT A **GENIUS WRITER** LIKE YOU, SO PLEASE BEAR WITH ME WHILE I GET MY DICTIONARY--

SHORT-LY
HAIL

"IN A SHORT TIME."

SYNONYMS.
CRASH

SOON.

SHOK

DIRECTLY.

PRESENTLY.

IN--

--A--

--MOMENT--

WHAP

SWIRL

SMP

...BELLA?

...Bella?

Bella, wake up.

HATE

Bella

--COME ON--

--YOU HAVE TO GET UP.

...Mmm...

Where are we?

WE'RE ALMOST THERE.

=Yaaawn=

DO YOU FEEL READY?

ABSOLUTELY NOT.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO SAY TO HIM?

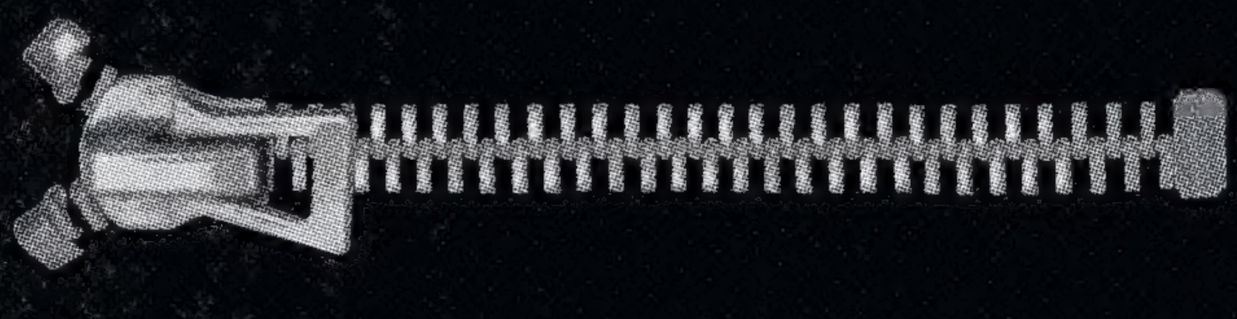
ABSOLUTELY NOT.

Well...

"...YOU SHOULD FIGURE THAT OUT."

To be
CONTINUED.

Next MONTH...



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